Ketos

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Ketos

The motel room evanescent from the bourbon, phone insisting to be put down, the moment sewing my body to it as if a minor miracle, somewhere your lips say

*I know it’s not what you want to hear*—

and I stand there thinking of your relation to time: pausing, as if the tiny breaking of your body needs a day to heal from its disruption.

—*but I’ve found someone.* There is anger in how you tell me, but there doesn’t need to be: we’re all a walking river, some of us with agency, some of us without. But when he took every precaution to learn your body, the vandal of your soul ripping what was left, you swallowed him completely, devoured him whole. *And he makes you happy*

I finish for you, knowing another man vanished in the monsoon of your body. *If only I did* staggers into the receiver. Every span of water, a mercy. Every gale of skin, an innocence, as if it knows our rapture always comes to find us.

-Dimitri McCloghry
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